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A Weekly Family Journal, Devoted to Freedom, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Local Intelligence, and the Bews of the Day.

ONE DOLLAR AND PIFTY CETNS

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WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6, 1855. 7

if it were a very delicate thing, and not

from Utica or somewhere thereaway.

sorry sort of horse-an editor's horse,

dle-bags, distended to the suffocating

point, is brought out, followed by the

Murcury and no devil, with his pockets

plethoric with dough-nuts-what has be-

come of that old-fashioned twisted luxu-

in the very bosom of it.

uga Chief, Auburn, N. Y.

that sort of thing."

DON'T YOU PLAY.

" No. I don't play on any instrument,"

said our friend, Tom Pringle, in answer

to our question. " To tell the truth, I

became discouraged by a slight miscon-

ception, when I was a young man. I

wasn't appreciated, you know, and all

"Yes, sir," said I gravely.

"Leave me! why?" asked mother.

yet able to fly. Like death, he visits

sweep out the office.

cloudy ends?

# WHOLE NO. 2040

# Jectro.

YOUNG AGAIS. An old man sits in his high incked clusic, Before no open door. While the sun of a summer's afternoon Falls in across the floor: And the drouge tick of an auctiont clock

A breeze the and a breeze claws out, From the standal turn per air; And is flow . . . on his my okled brow, And new it lifts his hair; And the teader tid of his eye droops down, And he sleeps in his high-backed chair. The old man sleeps and the old man dreams;

His head droops on his breast. His hands revas their feeble hold; And fall on his tap to rest: The old may sleeps, and in sleep he dreams, And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll; He is a child again; A mother's tones are in his car, And float across his brain; He chases gut by butterflies Fur down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild rose in the woods, And ga hers eglantine. And holds the cables buttereups Reneath his sister's chira And angles to the meader brook With a bent and naked pen.

He latters down the grassy lane, And by the rimming pool, And a sigh oscapes his parting lips, As he hears the bell at school, And he wishes it never were nine o'clock, And the morning never full.

A mother's hand is pressed on his head, Her kiss is on his brow -A summer breeze blows in at the door, With the toes of a leafy bough, And the boy is a white haired man again, And his eye is trur fitled now.

### AUTUMN. Amid thy aftent homors

Where falling bayes and drooping flowers, Around to breathe farewell. Along the suppet skies,

Their cluries melt in shade, And like the things we foully price. Seem levtier as they fade.

As, on Consumption's waning cheek, Mid rain, blooms the rose Thy scene each vision brings Of beauty in decay; Of fair and early faded things

Of jeys that come no more Of flowers whose bloom is fied;

Of farewells went upon the shore; Of friends estranged or dead;-

To memory's tearful eye, The vanquished beauty of a dream,

# Choice Miscellany.

[From the Home Journal.] THREE QUESTIONS FOR THE MID-DLE AGED.

1. Do you wish to grow old ? 2. Is OLD AGE WORTH HAVING ?

3. WHEN DO YOU EXPECT YOUR OLD AGE TO BEGIN, AND HOW DO YOU INTEND TO MAKE IT PLEASANT ?

If you are young, dear reader, but not you can pass on to the second article.

ful thou ht or two?

forty. The gent manifold is from forty epidemic diseases, etc. That few real- and living for-it is worth caring for to forty-five , a second manhood is from by reach their hundredth year, therefore, when reached. How is it to be cheered, forty-five to eventy. The first period of experience repeats, is no proof that such provided for and specially upheld. M. old age is from seventy to eighty-five; is not the natural term of human life. The natural lite of mon the philosophi- siologically. He writes as follows: his hundredt year.

These parties as M. Corence, all duration of an animal's growth. \* \* the sayings of Rochefoncauld."

notice we quote) "are not wholly arbit- lives only ten or twelve; and it is the who do every day the same thing, with rary, like those we generall; talk of; on same with most other animals. the contrary, a more or less sound phy. 'This passage contains the germ of an live forever. 'One can searcely be signorieal reason is assigned for each, - idea which it afterward developes more lieve, says Reveille Purise, how far a Infancy proper ceases at ten years, be clearly. 'The duration of life in a horse,' little health well treated will carry us.' cause then the second toothing is com- he says, 'as in other species of an- And 'the rule of the age,' says Cicero, pleted-boybood at twenty because then imals, is reportionate to the length of 'is to make use of what one has, and to beauty. -and youth extends to forty, because takes fourteen years to grow, may live strength.' ment of the parts of the body has already is, to twenty or thirty years.'

years more, when old age begins.

old age? In youth and manhood we appear more reliable results. we accomplish the usual work, and after ceases to grow. a little rest we are as strong as ever. when anything unusual fatigues, and ex- Flourens :turely entered. "And, besides, old age is distinguish- lives six or seven years."

ed by this, that it brings with it a gene- "By these data the result of Buffon is movements impose upon it.

more, in every individual, upon some length of life." one organ than upon all the others .- But is an old age thus protected-a There is a weak member in every man's life continued to the full period of one body. All parts are not alike strong century only- worth struggling for ? Soland healthy in any of us. On this weak omon speaks of them as "evil days," as member old age tells most sensible; and years in which man shall say, "I have first distinctly monifest itself upon the hopper shall be a burden, and desire excessive weakening of any one organ bring no compensation? The physical that this weakness, original or acquired, Buffon. "It makes one wish to become of one important organ may suddenly old," says Montaigne. arrest life altogether when old age ar Some one asked the philosopher Fonrives. As a penalty for the excessive tenelle, when ninety-five years of age, use which has impaired that organ, old which twenty years of his life be regret-

age may be barely reached before the ted the most. "I regret little," said he, particularly philosophic or thoughtful, whole machinery of life spontaneously and yet the happiest years of my life stops and is arrested at once." Ladies aged - ! and gentlemen That comparatively few men reach aged —! (we leave the blanks to be ninety or a hundred years is true, but enty fifth. At fifty-five a man's fortune filled up from your p ivate knowledge, ) that is because of the interference of diswill you allow us to offer you a respectsease; only a small number die of old age. All Paris has lately been electrified In our artificial life, the moral is more projects overtarown or established, the by a book on growing old. (or rather of frequently sick than the physical man. In keeping young,) written by an able phi- a calmer moral atmosphere, entire lives losorher, Mons. Flourens. For us pre- would be more frequently spent. 'Almaturely-old growing Americans, it is most all, says Buffon, spend their lives particul rly valuable and its hints may in fear and contention, and most men contains u- 'us knowledge for our better (most Frenchmen, of course, he means) die of chagrin.' Among savage tribes M. Florets says, that, according to it is the same. Few die a natural Nature, the first wouth is from twenty to death. All die by accidents, by hunger, thirty; the are all month from thirty to by wounds, by the poison of serpents, by

the second is meighty five onwards .- Buffon investigated the subject phycally proves) sught to carry him on to The total duration of life may be esti- There is very much in this rule. 'Few

shade inserted the wher, so that. Man increases in height up to his six "The second rule is to know one's self in actual his we can ready tell where teenth year, and yet the full develop- well. Both of these precepts are more the one ends and the other begins. They ment in size of all parts of the body philosophical than medical, and yet both vary in leng h, also, in different individare not completed till the thirtieth year. lie at the basis of a successful medical uals, and most men, now a-days, become The dog attains its tuli length in one management, at the period when age old and die, when they ought still to have year, and only in the second year com- and ill-health are so likely to conjoin. been in the p riod of early manhood. | pletes its growth in bulk and size Man, "The third rule is to make a suitable "The limits thus assigned by Florens who takes thirt; years to grow, lives nine- adjustment in the daily life. Good physto the several periods of life," (adds the ty or a hundred years. The dog, which ical habits produce health, as good moral the reviewer in Blackwood, from whose grows only during two or three years, habits produce happiness. Old men

and activity, this latter growth wea ens six years in growing, it lives also seven rallies after much neglect and ill usage, women -unless made on purpose to rep- is off at last, and they all, editor, pubthe body and retards its motions. Then, times five or six; that is, to thirty five and still lives on. But old age has no resentshrews and the coarser class of Cy- lisher, printer and pressman get into the asked mother. when growing has sensed, the body or forty years."

rests, rallies and becomes invigorated. "So far, Buffon lays down the true | age, therefore, roust be taken up quick a higher authority, has distinguished the | leave the devil to fold up the papers and | times I think Mr. Tom helps him. He's | little back wood-shed, two barrels of threatened with an early siege, it repairs His own deductions as to the true multiarranges, disposes every thing within it- ple were uncertain, because his data self. The new stores it daily receives were so. He did not know accurately rules, and the practical precepts as to are employed in fully equipping, in at what age the growth of man and oth strengthening, in rebuilding and in main- er animals really ceased, or what was taining every part in the greatest per- the true sign of such cessation. At this fection and efficiency. This period of point M. Fleurens takes the question up; internal invigoration lasts ten or fifteen and with more accurate anatomical and physiological data, he has arrived at "And what marks the beginning of what he believes and at what certainly

perform a usual daily amount of physical "I find," he says, "the true sign of or mental labor; but we are able to do the term of animal growth in the remore. Let an emergency arise and we union of the bones to their epiphyses .find within us a reserve of strength which So long as this union does not take place, enables us to accomplish far heavier la- the animal grows. As soon as the bones bors; we double or triple our exertions, are united to their epipyses, the animal

"In man, this re-union takes place at Old age has come on when we can no the age of twenty years, and he lives to longer do this; when the natural strength ninety or a hundred. The following tais barely sufficient for the daily work, ble contains the other data given by M

traordinary efforts sensibly injure the "Man grows for twenty years, and health. When the reserve of strength is lives ninety or a hundred; the camel exhausted, the age of decline has fairly eight years, and live forty; the horse begun. It is by drawing upon this nat- five, and lives twenty five; the ox four, ural store of reserved strength, through and lives fifteen to twenty; the lion four, excess in living, faster than it can be and lives twenty; the dog two, lives ten naturally repaired, that manhood is to twelve; the cat, one and a half, and shortened, and old age too often prema- lives nine or ten; the hare one, and lives eight; the guinea pig seven months, and

ral weakening of the whole body. It is corrected. All the larger animals live not the lungs, or the heart, or the nerves, abo t five times longer than they grow, inor the muscles that lose their tone, and stead of six or seven times, as inferred become incapable of unusual or prolong- by Buffon. Thus by a physiological ed exertion. Local disease may weaken analogy the ordinary natural life of man one organ, while all the other remain is fixed at a hundred years. He grows sound and vigorous as ever. But old twenty, and five twenties make up the age impairs all alike. Each, so to speak, hundred. If some few live beyond the has consumed its treasured stores of sur- hundredth year, it may be that their natplus strength, and, living as it were from ural growth was also unusually prolonghand to mouth, is barely able to accomed. Or some extraordinary prudence plish the daily task which the bodily in living or uncommon constitutional strength, may have secured for these "Yet old age does make itself felt rare individuals their extraordinary

hence in one man the decline of strength no pleasure in them-when the grasslungs, in another upon the stomach, and shall fail." Physical strength declines in the third upon the heart. And as the as old age advances, but does old age influences-hampers, we may say, and loses, but the moral gains, says Cicero. obstructs-all the rest, it may happen "More than the physical loses," says

> were those between the fifty fifth and sev is established, his reputation made, confixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, cooled, the career nearly completed, as regards the labors which man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or rather, fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, because the counterpoise of merit is acknowleaged by the public voice."

But, if cld age be an enjoyable period of life-if it be really worth living to Reveille Parise has laid down four sim-

"The first is to know how to be old. mated to a certain degree by that of the people know how to be old,' was one of

the same moderation and the same relish.

about that time the body ceases to in six or seven times as long; that is, nine . And the fourth rule is to attack every The first life being in danger, the second tremely broad ones; and accordingly elephants; the candles get briefer and stand it, and I ain't going to. It's not a little jug full, which we just kape by ceased. Instead of increasing the strength 'And again, 'as the stag is five or life comes to its aid-and thus youth without a single notable exception, their dimmer, but the two hundred an I liftleth | Christain-like, ma'am."

"By following these fundamental ment .- Boston Post. diet, exercise, temperature, etc., which M. Reville Parise deducts from them, can we pr long life? No, we cannot by any art prolong life; in the sense of ma-

only nominally a privation.

the fire and sword of many battles.'

the mind for its usual exertions. "2. Or so much as will make the body heavy or torpid.

"3. Not to pass hastily from one

"4. To eat plain and wholesome

the use of curously made dishes. . 6. To proportion the quantity

## HIGH FOREHEADS.

Like a fortress with all its works com- physiological problem. The length of and cui short, if the single, un-upported, fairest of sex in the same way; and foolplete, its garrison in full numbers, and life is a multiple of the length of growth. eas ly enfeebled life is to be surely up- ishly perverse are they who would make

> OFFICE But the old village had no hot Is; onking it pass the limit prescribed by the ly two houses of entertainment. One was constitution of man. But we shall be "up street," and that was an inn, soable to live an entire and complete life and so's inn; the other was "down -extending our days as far as the laws street," and that was a stage house, the

the drunkard that he has killed himself, shillings a meal. but we rarely speak of over eating as a So much for the old village, for here

ing, and the moderate enjoyment of all ployed, in cultivating the affections modand cold, and in shunning excessive exestement either of the body or of the

And so Lesius, a follower and amplifier of the views of Cornaro, writes also, in his Art of enjoying Perfect Health. 'By a sober life, he says, 'I understand a moderate use of meat and drink, such as accords with the temperament and actual dispositions of the body, and with the functions of the mind. A sober life is a life of order, of rule, and of temperance. Then, as the moderate use he speaks of, implies the consumption of meat and drink, both in just measure and of proper kinds, he adds to his definition of a sober life the following seven rules for actually living

"1. Do not eat -o much as will unfit

extreme of living to the another, but to change slowly and cautiously.

"7. Not to allow the appetite for hand all running away, and the "nine infood and drink to regulate the quantity we take, as this sensual desire is really

the cause of the whole difficuity. "By these rules a sober life is to

her head to give is an "intellectual ap- above the dingy engine, bearing each a to breakfast, looking, I suppose, some- Gilbert (the Indian agent) that two or

such reserve of life. Every ailment of prime-have low foreheads. But nature, same coat and beneath the same hat, and "It's Mr. John, ma'am, and some- premises, the interpreter discovered, in a When he slept with his fire-fathers.

THE OLD VILLAGE PRINTING

of our ind vidual constitution, combined stage house where, o ce a day, the yelwith the more general laws which regu- low, mud bespattered at ge rocked up late the constitution of the species, will and brought to, and the well-conditioned bonifice came shuffling out from the gra-After all the key of happiness, as to ted corner in the bar-room, like an over health and long life, is moderation and fed old "pider, opened the stage coach sobriety of living. The pleasure gained door and let out the hungry passengers. out weighs so far the indulgences fore. They were a way hungry when they got gone, that temperance in all things is there, for breakfast was just ready for south rn mi rants, and dinner for north-"It is the fashion of the present day ern; but then the landlord was not an to restrict the term sobriety to moderation in the use of intoxicating liquors. of a man, who made every body feel as Misery and crime and death we trace much at home as he was, and nothing readily to the neglect of this species of more home-like could be imagined, and sobriety. We do not hesitate to say of so, very well to-do did he get, at two

serious or frequent shortener of life. we are, just now passing an orchard, and Yet the food they eat cause to mankind there, with a broader phylactery of tanat large more sleepless nights, more un- bark, is the printing office, whence was happy days, and more shorten ng of life, issued weekly in olden-times, the Black than all the liquors they consume. Oh! River Gazette. The office, a low, white miserable and unhappy Italy,' wrote building, once tenanted by a lawyer, who Cornaro, three centuries ago, 'dost thou had gone up to a higher court than any not see that gluttony is killing every they have organized yet on earth, stood year more people than would perish in next the church. So they were, for once, a seas n of most severe pestilerce, or by side-by side, the pulpit and the press; and nobody has learned to turn out such "A sober life implies moderation in Il things. 'It consists,' says Cornaro. in moderate eating, moderate drink- Incline your ear, delicate reader, it is the door, the print of five small fingers. the pleasures of life. In keeping the boot, and is d sagreeably redolent of the nevil's! Not he who wears but one mind mode ately but constantly embrimstone, but the begrimed urchin in shirt sleeves, just ereeping torough the erately, in avoiding extremes of heat shows a pickets of the orchard fence, with apples in each hand, and one in his mouth, followed in his flight by something bearing a striking resemblance to a

But here we are. The walls are cobwebbed and dusty; the windows are curtained with newspapers; a very dim lantern to hold a great deal of light. Click, click; the foosteps of type, and there in the corner is the editor, publisher, proprietor and printer, " setting up ' an editoral from a very queer old case. Click, click; there's a pale young man, busy with a "death." Died, and so he goes slowly on as though he were actually following the bier. But then a death was a very rare thing, very rare in the village, and round in the woods, and it was worth pondering over. True, every body knew it already, but it must go into the paper, nevertheless, for there was somebody or other, that had gone out into the "Genesee country," that had loved the living, and so the paper must follow him away there, if it could, that he

might mourn the dead. Wonderful decorations they are upon "5. To avoid too great variety, and the walls; what murvellous borders to the handbills: what wonderful "Selims, of that the man with a short coat and long food to the temperament, the age and the whip, could hardly hold; what "great strength of the eater, and to the kind of sales" of small articles; what gay coaches, riding on the top of a cloud, four-inside" as merry as Punch.

resper, or a steamboat. A strange office had very strict notions as to the value ciation with its intensest antithesis-a

be in those old days. led, and a perfect condition of health But there in a further corner stands a fully employed, I had quantities of law velous of marvels! a perfect harmony square frame of heavy timber, like a books heaped up, and John had a skull pervading the whole. huge loom. It is a loom, such as they and all sorts of bones scattered about. Among the reminiscenses of a month's wove thought on ; it is the old "Ramage The notion that high foreheads in wo Press." Its huge lever, its lazy platen, could hear us, but Betsy, the housekeep-during the annual Indian payment of the men as well as men, are indispensible to its ponderous tympan, its gr at ink balls, er; and as she was our old nurse, we felt last summer, I find the following truly beauty, came into vogue with phrenology its creaking, groaning mechanism-there sure she would keep our secret. One representative anecdote: and is going out with the decline of that it stands in all its rudeness, the greatest morning, after we had been whileing the One day while Commissioner Monypretentious and plausi le "science" triumph of this or any other age. A long hours away with our music, to our penny was sitting in council with the Not long ago more than one lady shaved pair of tin sockets swung up by a wire own mutual delight, we came down late chiefs, intelligence was brought to Mr. pearance," and the custom of combing "brief candle," were the Castor and Pol what unrefreshed. the hair back from the forehead probab- lux of the place. In the corner, in the ly originated in the same mistaken ambi dark, stood a solitary kee of ink; not a said our father, considerately. tion. When it is considered that a great great way off, four reams of a very gravexpanse of forchead gives a bold, masca ish blue paper, but then the proprietor line look-that from frons (forehead) was "passing rich" at less than forty and looked mysteriously at my mother. parties and locked them in the little comes the word "affronery"-it will pounds a year. It is publication day, not be wondered that the ancient pain and editor, pale apprentice, and dingy ters, sculptors and poets considered a low devil are in an active state of unrest. The forehead "a charming thing in woman," editor writes, and says "we," and "our and indeed indispensible to female readers'-he has two hundred and fifty -and then the printer sets type, and then the bones cease to increase in length time during which it grows. Man, who act in everything according to one's Horace praises Lycoris for her low the publisher looks over the "form," and forehead, (tenuis from,) and Martial then the pressman places it on the press, ma'am." commends the same grace as decidedly and then "comes the tuz of war." It is crease in size. Enlargement of bulk af ty or a hundred years. The horse, matady at its beginning. In youth there as he praises the arched eyebrow. The pull and repeat, pull again and again reter that period consists chi fly in the ac which completes its growth in four years, is a reserve of force-a dormant life, as artists in stone and pigments could not peat, and the "inside" comes off, sheet cumulation of fat The real develop- may live six or seven times as long; that it were, behind the visible acting life, be made to consort with tall heads or ex- after sheet, with the gravity of so many it's the boys at last, ma'am. I can't having a dhapping the house, more nor

got some poor cretur up stairs, ma'am, Where then were your compound lev and he torments him awful. He screaks themselves anew in the hope of improve- ers, your glittering cylinders, your faith- and groans all the night through. It is full. ful rollers, your panting furnaces, your worse than the heathen. I've stood it press, instinct with life and energy, that for more nor a week. I didn't get a jarred on like a chariot over whole high- wink of sleep last night, and what that ways of white paper in an hour? Where poor cretur went through was dreadful. are the busy "jours," and the editorial I know they say such things must be corps? Where the steamers and the rail- done by doctors, but I ain't going to stop

> and shricking and flashing, to transmit was one to do it." that paper's contents to the world's dim, And Betsy gave my brother a look of withering condemnation.

The morning comes, and the inky imp My mother was cute enough to see of yesterday, indules in a clean face; that something unusual was going on in his unkmept locks are out of snarl; he our study, and telling Betsy she would is transformed into a Mercury. Forth he inquire into it, she dismissed her for the goes, packages of papers beneath each present.

arm, in his capacity of carrier bo. He That was the end of our musical pracis none of your brisk, pert fellows, of the tice, though not the end of the story, for now a day order, but very meek is he our father took care we should not forget indeed; and when the squire speaks out it. It was a long time before we heard to him strong and hearty, "good morn- the last about "that poor cretur up ing, my boy," he holds down his head stairs."-N. Y. Dutchman. and deposits the answer in his bosom, as

Oh! this blessed Indian Summer every house, and his burden grows light- time! How it makes the heart ache and ter as he proceeds. He does not chuck pine to be away in the woods and fields the papers, as they do now, over the to drink in the soft air-to listen to the gate and under the fence, but decently and rustle of the falling leaves and bury the demurely places it folded and damp in the feet in them-to hear the last songs of hand of somebody commissioned to re- the dear birds and bid them adieu! It ceive it. But he doesn't " ring," for is an agony to be tied down to the room there is nothing to ring in all the town, or to be confined to the walks of the except the church bell, that the Doctor busy street, and yet it must be endured by brought home in his "cutter" one day, the unfortunates who labor between walls and in closed rooms. We can, however, His rounds are soon made; meanwhile go cut with the poet and enjoy with him the glorious time : no walls can shut us you know-is blowing a solitary out from that privilege. The poets are about a very large manger, the last sur a blessed race that they can so cheat vior of a very large family. Pretty soon
Rosinante is led forth, and a pair of sad-

Thus sings Alice Cary : Not the light of the long blue Summer, Nor the flowery huntress, Spring. Nor the chilly and mouning Wint Doth peace to my spirit bring Like the buzy and red October,

And into the lan of the Southland

ry 9-and a tin born tethered to a but-The flowers are blowing down. ton-hole by a bit of green string. It is Would that the sad Alice was now with a sort of sheepish importance that where the hazy, red October could showhe mounts by the aid of the proprietor, er in her lap the flowers blowing down! and wends his way, as they were very But she is a prisoner in brick walls and, fond of sa ing, "out in the country," as like us, can only fly out of the great city if the old village was not positively lost on the wings of her imagination.

Bryant, our Nature-Wershipper, thus And so he went, his horn resounding chaunts his song : through the solitudes, and he as happy Ay, thou art welcome, heavenly, delicious breath as a knight fresh from a tournament.

And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief, And that was the "N. E. W. S.," the And the year smiles as it draws near its deat News of those old days. But what there Wind of the sunny South! oh, still delay was in the Gazette, and who they were In the gay woods and in the golden air, Like to a good old age released from care that read it, mu t be passed over in the that read it, mu t be passed over in the Journeying, in long screnity, away.

silence like that, that now, alas! hangs In such a bright, late quiet, would that I Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks like a great wing over the most of them-And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks, the fairest, and loveliest, and best .- Cay-

And when my last sand twinkles in the glass Pass silently from men, as then dost past Most beautiful is this! May the great hearted poet have his wish, and when the last sand of his glass passes away may it be like the going out of Indian Summer! - Sundusky Register.

## A GENUINE IRISHMAN. A correspondent of the Home Journal

relates the following characteristic inci-"Well, you see," said he, in reply to dent of Irish tactics. He says: another question, "it was about twenty Does the wide world contain another years ago, when I was studying law, and paradox that will compare with a real, my brother was a medical student, that bone fide, unmitigated Irishman? Imwe both fancied we had a wonderful tal- agination and sensuality, poetry and ent for music. So John bought a flute. cupidity, generosity and avarice, heroand I a fiddle, and turning one of the at- ism and cowardice-and so on, to the tics into a study, we practiced there half end of the list; all colors, shades and the night. We didn't want any one to degrees of character congregated to-But not a picture of a railroad, or a know about it, especially our father, who gether, and each in most intimate assoof time : and to make him think us use- n very Joseph's coat, and yet, most mar-

We knew that up in our "study" no one sojourn at La Pointe, Lake Superior,

three Indians were drunk and fighting, "You mustn't study too hard, boys," at a certain wigwam. With his usual promptitude, Mr. Gilbert summoned one of his interpreters, and proceeded di-Just then Betsy appeared at the door, rectly to the lodge, where he seized the 'Yes, what is it ?" said mother, sur- wooden jail of the village, having first prised at Betsy's excited manner. "What ascertained from them where they obtsined their liquor. He then went im-"Well, ma'ma, I wish to say, ma'am," mediately to the house they had desig--Betsy always spoke in that short nip- nated, which was a private dwelling, ping way, when she was what she called occupied by an Irishman and his wife, "worked up," "I must leave you, and demanded if they kept liquor to sell

to the Indians. Both the man and woman, with ra-"Yes, ma'am, it's twenty-five years tional vehemence and volubility-and that I've been with you, ma'am-and both at once, of course, utterly denied us, like, for saysonin' the vittals, and "What have the boys been doing?" sickness.' But, unfortunately for the

of whiskey, besides the little jug' which proved to be a two gallon one, and

Mr. Gilbert ordered some of his men to roll the barrels out on the green, where, in the presence of the whole ouncil, they were knocked in the head, and the jug broken. But the flow of whisky was as nothing compared with way trains and the telegraphs, panting, where it is, and I never thought John the Irish wife's temper, meanwhile. I had never conceived it possible for a tongue to possess such leverage; it eemed literally to be "hung in the middle and to work both ways.' However, mother Earth drank the whisky, and the abuse melted into "the carcumambient air'-though one would not have suspected their solubility, they seemed to

be such concrete masses of venom. In the evening of the same day, as Col. Monypenny was walking out with a friend, he encountered and was accossed by, the Irish whisky vender.

'The first star of the avenin' to yees, Misther Commissioner! An' sure it was a bad thrick ye were putting on a poor mon, this morning'. Och, murther! to think how ye dissipavted the illegant whisky; but ye'll not be doin' less nor ayin' me the first cost of it, will ye?'

'On the contrary,' said the commisioner, 'we are thinking of having you p in the morning, and fining you; and we catch you selling another drop o the Indians, we shall forcibly remove ou from the island.'

Quick as-but I despair of a simile, for surely there is no operation of nature or art that will furnish a parallel to the agility of an Irisman's wit-his whole tone and manner changed, and dropping his voice to the pitch confidential, he

'Well, Misther Commissioner, an' its truth I'm tellin' ye-its mighty glad I was, intirely, to see the dirty barrels beheaded; sure I'd a done it meself, for the moral of the thing, of it hadn't been for the ould woman. Good avenin' to ve. Misther Commissioner.'

It is hardly necessary to add that no further application was made for the 'first cost of it.'

Very truly yours.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S RELIGION

It has been a matter of dispute what religious persuasion General Washington was of. We notice in Irving's life of that

great man, the following : "The Established or Enisconal Church prevailed in the 'Ancient Dominion' as it (Virginia) was termed; each county was divided into Parishes as in England, each with its parochial church, its parson ge, and glebe. Washington was vestryman of two parishes, Fairfax and Turo : the parochial church of the former was at Alexander, ten miles from Mount Vernon; of the latter at Pohick, about seven miles. The church at Pohick was rebuilt on a plan of his own, and in a great measure at his expense. At one or other of these churches, he attended every Sunday, when the weather and the roads permitted. His demeanor was reverential and devout .-Mrs. Washington knelt during prayers; he always stood, as was the custom at that time. Both were communicants."

AMERICAN GENIUS, says a late letter

from Russia, rules the hour at St. Petersburgh. A legion of accepted war inventions are under careful trial in the way of experiment, besides an infinite number that have been declined, as impractible or unsuited to the present exigencies. The experiments are conducted with the silent thoroughness of Russian tactics; yet it is known that two, if not three, motive powers of Yankee origin are in course scientific test and comparison. One the ought to know, tells me that some bundred thousand dollars are being expended in trying their application to coast defences. A gigantic rocket (or rocket and shell combined) has occupied the attention of the engineers for the last five weeks: and after no less than seventeen failures, have come out so successful that a foundry or work-shop is to be built immediately, for constructing these terrible missiles-the like of which, a scientific officer assures me, bas never traversed the air. This is a combination of a late French with a new Yankee invention. The most striking of all the plans for next ummer's work is purely Yankee, and novel in all its features; though what they exactly are, is locked in the unrevealing breast of the Emperor and his sworn officers. I only know that it is a submarine battery for coast defence, and that all the officers here believe it will easily and infalibly destroy every hostile armament that dares to approach their

No man would overcome and endure olicitude, if he did not cherish the hone of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

veracity of the parties, on searching the WHEN did Absolom sleep it is in a bedf